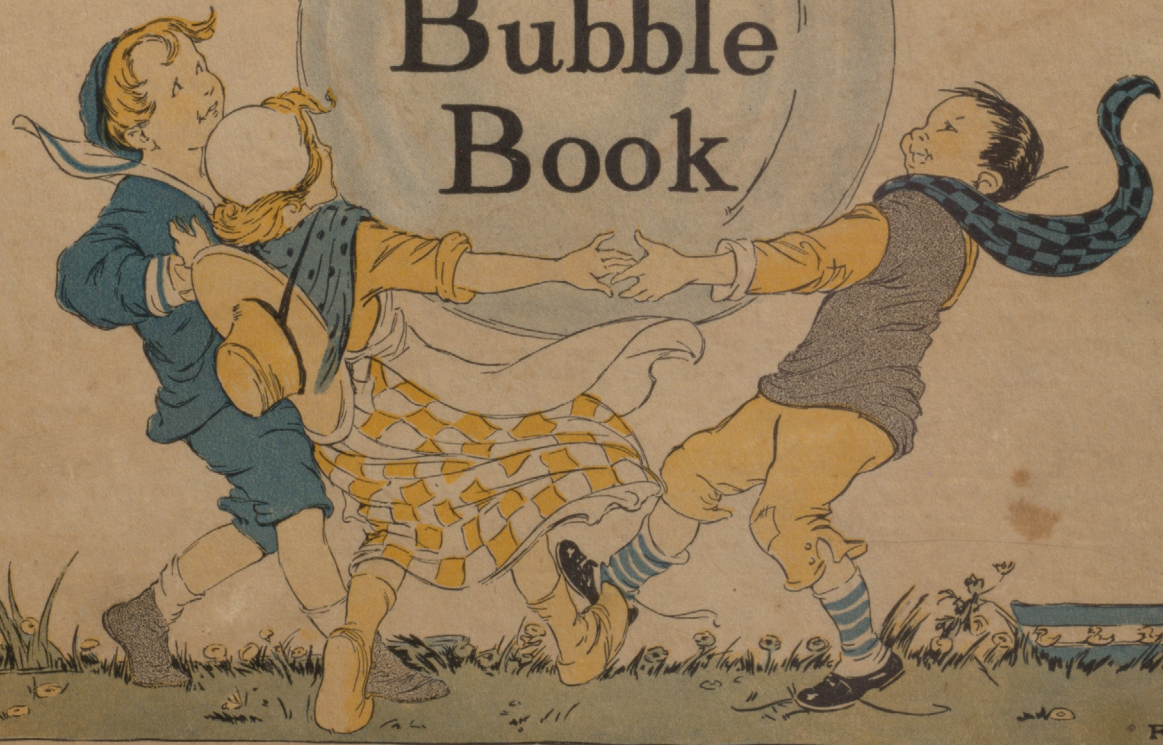
Singing Games Bubble Book



Singing —by Miss Jennia Jones, The Farmer in the Dell and Lazy Mary

Story —by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Pictures —by Rhoda Chase

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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Marca Industrial Registrada

The SINGING GAMES *and the* ANIMAL BUBBLE BOOKS *that sing*

Miss Jennia Jones
The Farmer in the Dell
Lazy Mary

The Three Little Kittens
The Three Little Piggies
The Three Blind Mice

Story by
Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Pictures by
Rhoda Chase

Victor Talking Machine Company
Publishers

The selection of music for the songs in this series of "Bubble Books that Sing" has been made only after consulting every available source. The various versions have been sought out, compared and considered in order that the "Bubble Books that Sing" might be good and true—with always an authentic as well as an attractive version of each song.

Patented by Ralph Mayhew, Aug. 7, 1917
Other patents pending
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Made in the United States of America

Bubble Books *that sing*

Have you heard, my dears, of the magic toy
That a fairy brought to a little boy?
'Twas a bubble-pipe, and whene'er he blew
It made his storybook friends come true.
Have you heard how he put this pipe to use,
And sent for his friends from Mother Goose?
There was Little Bo-Peep and Old King Cole
And Simple Simon—a jolly soul
Who came at the call of his magic toy
And played so long with the little boy,
That Mother Goose called to them all and said,
"You *must* come home—it is time for bed."

The little boy felt so lonely then
He picked up his pipe and he blew again—
And he said, "I wish that my playmates three
Would all come hurrying back to me!"
Then he made a bubble quite big and round
And out of it came, with a skip and a bound,
His merry friends, and they cried with joy:
"Oh, here we all are again, my boy!
(Except Old King Cole, and imagine how thin
He'd have to have been to have gotten in!)
But now that we're back, oh, what'll we play
To merrily pass the time away?"
"Why, what do you say to Miss Jennia Jones?"
The little boy asked in anxious tones.
"That's a fine idea," cried they all, "and now
Let's send for Jennia to show us how!"
The little boy picked up his pipe and blew,
And he wished—and all of his friends wished, too.
Behold! In the bubble was Jennia Jones,
Who sang this song in her sweetest tones.

RHODA
CHASE

The Song Jennia Sang

MISS JENNIA JONES

"We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Miss Jennia Jones, Miss Jennia Jones,
We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
And how is she to-day?"
"We're right glad to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're right glad to hear it,
And how is she to-day?"
She's washing.

"We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Miss Jennia Jones, Miss Jennia Jones,
We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
And how is she to-day?"
"We're right glad to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're right glad to hear it,
And how is she to-day?"
She's ironing.

"We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Miss Jennia Jones, Miss Jennia Jones,
We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
And how is she to-day?"
"We're right sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're right sorry to hear it,
And how is she to-day?"
She's sick.

"We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Miss Jennia Jones, Miss Jennia Jones,
We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
And how is she to-day?"

"We're right sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're right sorry to hear it,
And how is she to-day?"

She's dead.

"What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in, dress her in,
What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in to-day?"

Blue? "Blue is for sailors,
So that will never do."

Red? "Red is for firemen,
So that will never do."

Pink? "Pink is for babies,
So that will never do."

White? "White is for angels,
So that of course will do."

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED

One player acts the part of the mother and stands so as to hide the other player, Jennia Jones, behind her. The other players form a line facing the mother and, with hands joined, skip forward and backward (eight steps each way) and bow at the words "how is she to-day." The mother makes the appropriate motions to indicate washing, ironing, etc. Whenever the players say "White" they all attempt to run away. The first one Jennia catches takes her place and Jennia herself takes the part of the mother. Then the game is repeated.

Again and again, till their legs were lame,
They all played Jennia Jones's game.
Then they sat and rested, their minds perplexed,
Wondering what they might all play next.
"Oh dear, oh dear!" sighed little Bo-Peep,
"What fun we'd have if I'd brought my sheep!
I'm homesick now for the pasture free
And the pleasant farm where I used to be.
If you knew the old farmer in the dell
I'm sure you would all of you love him well,
And you may be sure, if he came this way,
He'd teach us a game that we all could play."
"I'll send for him now," the little boy cried,
"You must none of you go till his game is tried."
He blew a bubble as big as he could,
And in it a merry old farmer stood,
Who shouted out, when the bubble burst,
"Come, play my game! But I'll sing it first."

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old
1-1
CUT
Miss Jennia Jones
203-A
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Victor
old
The Farmer in the Dell
203-B
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.

RHODA·
CHASE

The Song the Farmer Sang

THE FARMER IN THE DELL

The farmer in the dell,
The farmer in the dell,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes a wife,
The farmer takes a wife,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The farmer takes a wife.

The wife takes the child,
The wife takes the child,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The wife takes the child.

The child takes the nurse,
The child takes the nurse,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The child takes the nurse.

The nurse takes the dog,
The nurse takes the dog,
Heigh ho! the derry oh!
The nurse takes the dog.

They all pet the dog,
They all pet the dog,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
They all pet the dog.

The dog takes the cat,
The dog takes the cat,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The dog takes the cat.

They all pet the cat,
They all pet the cat,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
They all pet the cat.

The cat takes the rat,
The cat takes the rat,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The cat takes the rat.

They all shun the rat,
They all shun the rat,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
They all shun the rat.

The rat takes the cheese,
The rat takes the cheese,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The rat takes the cheese.

The cheese stands alone,
The cheese stands alone,
Heigh-ho! the derry oh!
The cheese stands alone.

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED

The players join hands and form a ring with one player, the farmer, standing in the center of the circle. The other players dance around throughout the game. At the end of the second verse the farmer chooses a player from the ring, the wife, takes her by the hand and draws her to his side. At the end of the third verse the wife chooses one of the players from the ring, the child, etc. During the twelfth verse the players all crowd around the one that is left, the cheese, and clap their hands. The cheese then becomes the farmer and the game is repeated.

The jolly old farmer in the dell
Had laughed so gaily and sung so well
That every one tried to seize his hand
And welcome him to the eager band.
"Ho, ho!" he cried, "here's a jolly crowd!
And if a bit of a romp's allowed,
Then up on your toes, each lad and maid,
And I'll show you just how my game is played!"
They stood in a ring while he chose a wife—
You never saw such fun in your life!
Again and again they played the game
And danced around till they all were lame.
"Oh, that is enough," the little boy said—
"If I dance any more I'll tumble dead!"
"Ho, ho!" said the jolly old farmer then,
"If you really can't manage my game again,
Then all lie down—that's the thing to do,
And Lazy Mary will sing to you."
The farmer picked up the pipe and blew,
And they said, "Let's see if his wish comes true."
And, sure enough, in the bubble round
Was Lazy Mary in slumber sound!
But she opened her eyes when the bubble broke
And she started to sing as she awoke.

RHODA
CHASE

The Song Mary Sang

LAZY MARY

"Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up, will you get up?
Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up to-day?"

"What will you give me for my
breakfast,
If I get up, if I get up?
What will you give me for my
breakfast,
If I get up to-day?"
Bread and jam.

"No, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up, I won't get up,
No, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up to-day."

"Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up, will you get up?
Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up to-day?"

"What will you give me for my
luncheon,
If I get up, if I get up?
What will you give me for my
luncheon,
If I get up to-day?"
Crackers and cheese.

"No, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up, I won't get up,
No, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up to-day."

"Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up, will you get up?
Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up to-day?"

"What will you give me for my dinner,
If I get up, if I get up?
What will you give me for my dinner,
If I get up to-day?"

Tea and toast.

"No, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up, I won't get up,
No, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up to-day."

"Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up, will you get up?
Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up to-day?"

"What will you give me for my supper,
If I get up, if I get up?
What will you give me for my supper,
If I get up to-day?"

A nice young man with rosy cheeks.

"Yes, mother, I will get up,
I will get up, I will get up,
Yes, mother, I will get up,
I will get up to-day."

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED

The players join hands and form a ring with two in the center. The two players in the center of the circle play the part of mother and daughter, the daughter kneeling with closed eyes. Finally when the mother offers the "nice young man" Lazy Mary springs to her feet. The ring then breaks up and all the players clap hands.

They clapped their hands when they heard the song,
And the farmer cried, cheerily, "Come along—
We'll make her show us just how to play
This game of hers in the proper way."
They sang and danced and they skipped and hopped,
Till suddenly Lazy Mary stopped,
And she said, "I'm certain as I can be
That I hear somebody calling me."
Then the farmer looked very grave, and said:
"It's Mother Goose calling us home to bed.
We'd better skedaddle, or she will say
We can't come back here some other day!"
So they tidied the place and arranged each toy,
And they all shook hands with the little boy,
And they said, "We're ever so glad we came;
Please ask us again for a song and game."

End of the
SINGING GAMES BUBBLE BOOK

Victor
Three Blind Mice
205-B
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HIS MASTER'S VOICE
Victor
Three Little Pigs
205-A
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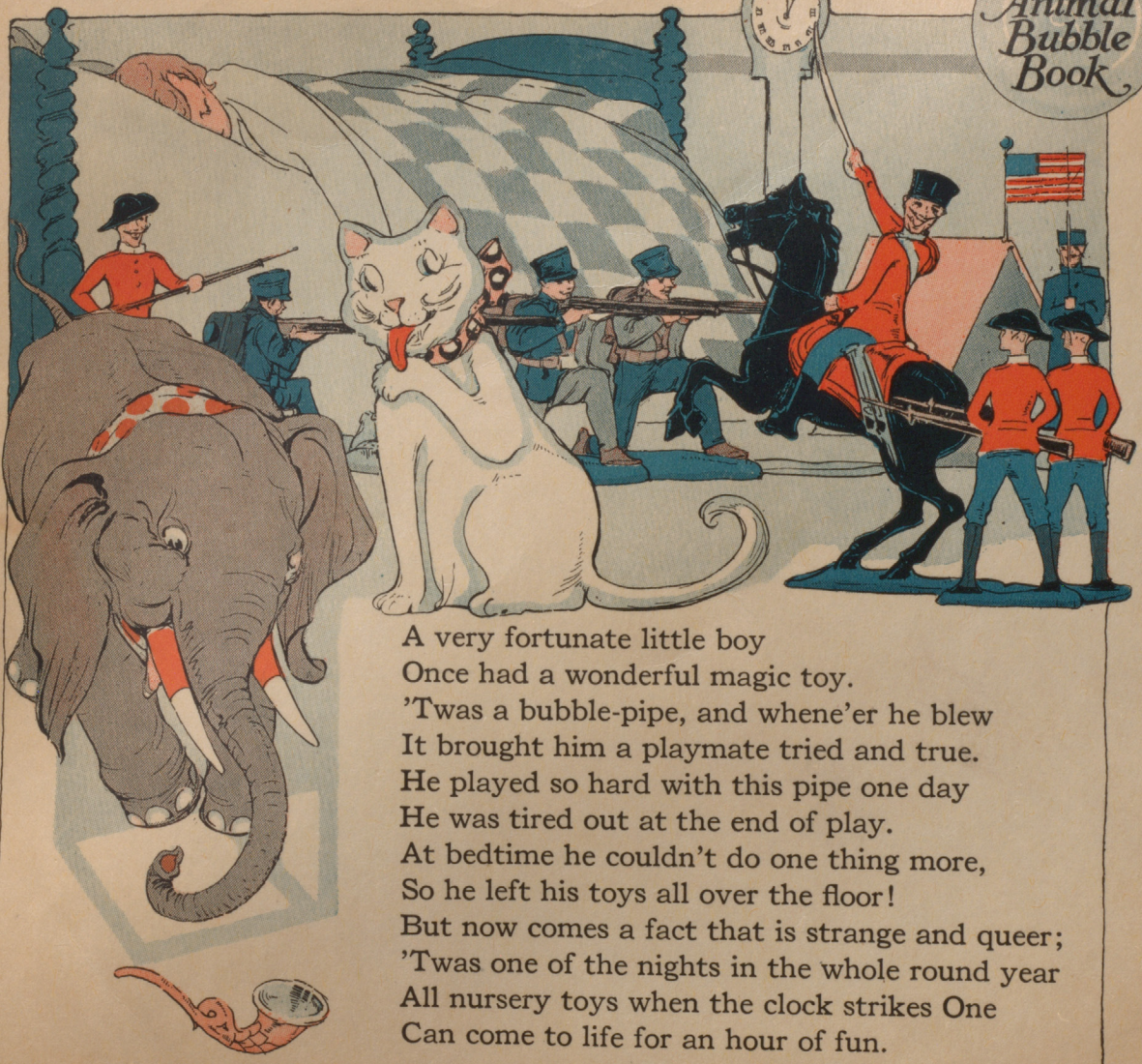


A very fortunate little boy
Once had a wonderful magic toy.
'Twas a bubble-pipe, and whene'er he blew
It brought him a playmate tried and true.
He played so hard with this pipe one day
He was tired out at the end of play.
At bedtime he couldn't do one thing more,
So he left his toys all over the floor!
But now comes a fact that is strange and queer;
'Twas one of the nights in the whole round year
All nursery toys when the clock strikes One
Can come to life for an hour of fun.

The little boy fell quite fast asleep
And lay for hours in a slumber deep,
Till he suddenly woke with a great surprise
And sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.
There in the moonlight were all his toys
Playing around with the greatest noise;
But while they all were dancing about
The little toy Elephant gave a shout.
"Come, gather around me, every one,
Here's that fairy pipe, and we'll have some fun!
A magic bubble I'll blow," he cried,
"And who shall we wish to be inside?"
Then the China Cat called out: "Meow!
The Three Little Kittens would please me now."
"That's good," said the Soldiers all in a row,
"So let's be quiet and watch him blow!"
The Elephant blew as hard as he could,
And there in a bubble the Kittens stood.
The Elephant blew as hard as he durst,
And out they jumped when the bubble burst.
Then paw to paw they marched along,
While one of the Kittens sang this song:

RHODA·
CHASE·

The Song the Kitten Sang

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

There were three little kittens
Put on their mittens
To eat some Christmas pie.
Mew, mew! Mew, mew! Mew, mew! Mew!

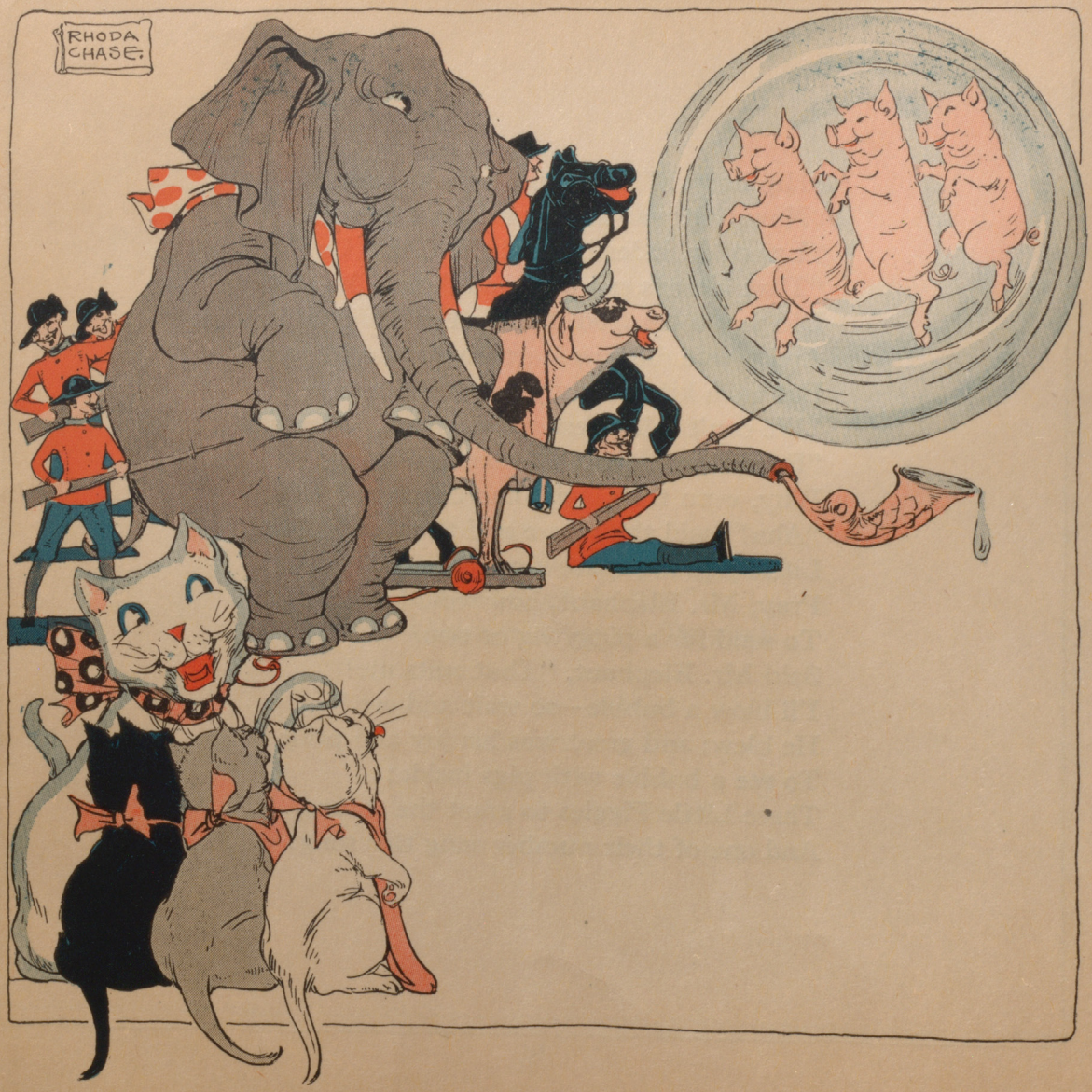
These three little kittens
They lost their mittens,
And all began to cry.
M-e-w! M-e-w! M-e-w! M-e-w!

"Go, go, naughty kittens,
And find your mittens,
Or you shan't have any pie."
Mew, mew! Mew, mew! Mew, mew! Mew!

These three little kittens
They found their mittens,
And joyfully they did cry.
M-e-w! M-e-w! M-e-w! M-e-w!

"O Granny, dear!
Our mittens are here;
Make haste and cut the pie!"
Purr-rr! Purr-rr! Purr-rr! Purr-rr!

"Hip hoorah!" cried the toys in glee,
"Now that was an elegant sight to see!"
"I wonder, indeed," said the China Cat,
"That kittens can sing and dance like that
Did you come from England or Spain or France,
And where did you learn to sing and dance?"
But each kit smilingly shook its head—
"We can't tell where we are from," they said,
"But in our land it's a common thing;
Why, even the piggies can dance and sing."
"Aha!" said the Horse and the Cow; "Oho!
Little pigs are quite nice to know.
Pray, Mr. Elephant, how would it do
To send for a piggywig or two?"
Said Mr. Elephant, "That suits me!
I'll blow a bubble—so wait and see."
He blew; and great was his joy and pride
To see a bubble with pigs inside;
Three Little Piggies to greet the throng,
And one of their number sang this song:


RHODA
CHASE.

The Song the Piggie Sang

THE THREE LITTLE PIGGIES

A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
And three little piggies had she,
And she waddled about, saying "Umph! umph! umph!"
While the little ones said "Wee! wee!"

"My dear little brothers," said one of the brats,
"My dear little piggies," said he,
"Let us all for the future say 'Umph! umph! umph!'
'Tis so childish to say 'Wee! wee!' "

These three little piggies grew skinny and lean,
And lean they might very well be;
For somehow they couldn't say "Umph! umph! umph!"
And they wouldn't say "Wee! wee! wee!"

So, after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of *fe lo de se;*
From trying too hard to say "Umph! umph! umph!"
When they only could say "Wee! wee!"

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see;
Don't try while yet young to say "Umph! umph! umph!"
For you only can say "Wee! wee!"
Don't try while yet young to say "Umph! umph! umph!"
For you only can say "Wee! wee!"

The Piggies squealed when their song was done,
And every one said they were loads of fun.
For they skipped about, and they danced and whirled;
And all of their tails were tightly curled.
The little Toy Soldiers cried: "Hooray,
We wish more piggies would come this way.
Oh, Piggies and Kittens, tell us, do,
Are there any others at home like you?"
Then the Kittens and Piggies said, in a trice,
"You'd better send for the Three Blind Mice.
For they can dance and they can sing,
And they'll make you laugh like everything."
"Humph!" said the Elephant to the Cat,
"There's no accounting for tastes like that."
But he blew on the pipe as they bade him do,
And three little Mice came into view.
Three little Mice in the bubble sat,
And you ought to have seen the China Cat!
They danced and sang, though they looked quite pale,
And each one clung to the next one's tail.

Victor
Lazy Mary
204-A
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Victor
Three Little Kittens
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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N. J.

RHODA·
CHASE-

The Song the Mice Sang

THE THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, three blind mice, three blind mice:
See how they run, see how they run, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did ever you see such a thing in your life, as three blind mice?

Three blind mice, three blind mice, three blind mice:
See how they run, see how they run, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did ever you see such a thing in your life, as three blind mice?

Three blind mice, three blind mice, three blind mice:
See how they run, see how they run, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did ever you see such a thing in your life, as three
blind mice?

When the song was done, it was sad to see
The manners of some of the company.
The Elephant crawled in under the bed—
"You'll have to excuse me, friends," he said;
"I know it's neither polite nor nice,
But elephants always were scared of mice."
The little Toy Soldiers struggled and fought
To make the Cat behave as she ought.
If she had got at the Mice, Ah me!
I hate to think of the tragedy!
But right in the midst of this great to-do,
The little boy heard the clock strike Two;
The Piggies and Mice and the Kittens spry
Were gone before he could wink his eye.
And the toys lay tumbled over the floor,
And all of the room was still once more.

End of the
FIRST ANIMAL BUBBLE BOOK

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J., U. S. A., Printed September, 1924—Part No. 15216—IXA

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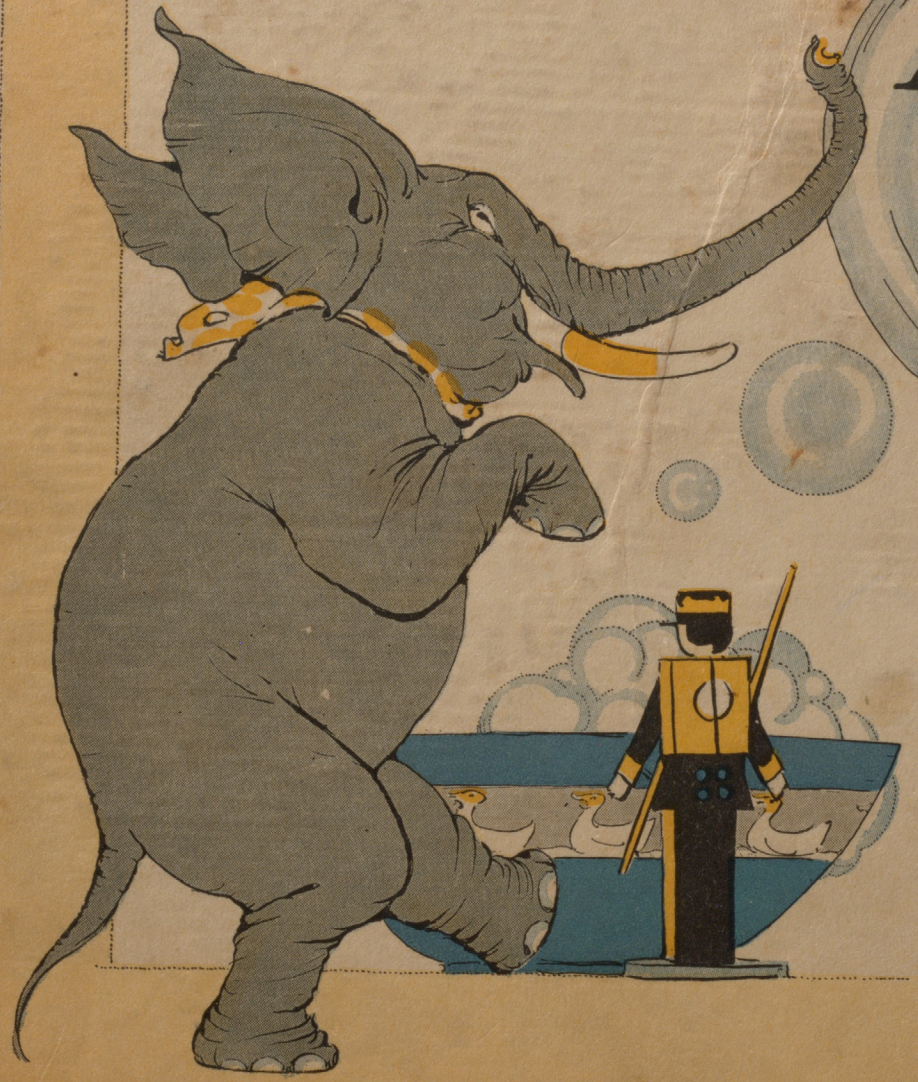

The Animal Bubble Book

Singing by:
The Three Little Kittens
The Three Little Piggies
The Three Blind Mice

Story by:
Ralph Mayhew
and Burges Johnson

Pictures by:
Rhoda Chase